

THE
Secret Letters
OF
AMOUR
Between the
DUTCHESS
AND
Mynheer.

*Quid magis Optaret Cleopatra Parentibus orta
Conspicuis, Comiti quam placuisse Thori.*

Printed. Anno Dom. 1693.

THE

SELECT LETTERS

OF

AMONG

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DUTCHES

AND

321552

Myndert.

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of the same kind of the same kind of the same kind

Printed and Sold by

THE ARGUMENT.

IT was in the latter end of the Peaceful
Reign of Britomar King of Pietland, that
Philidor, Duke of the Boreæ, Espous'd Dyf-
mora Daughter to the Count of Saxoville; a
Lady of Generous Education, and of Inclina-
tions equally as obliging: And as some
People are Industrious to their own undoing,
this Fair Creature was Precipitated by Na-
ture to her Misfortune: Wherefore we ought
to think it was not wholly her Fault, that
Philidor was not so Happy in a Wife, as in
every other Circumstance. For, to speak of
the Duke, he was then the only Survivor of a
long Race of Hero's: All Created to Support,
Strengthen and Adorn that Crown, to which
alone they pay'd Homage and Obedience, both
by their Prudence, Valour and Lustre of those
Diadems, they have Successively worn and
deserv'd. Not but that the Person and Mind
of the present Duke Philidor, do justly Intitle
him to a whole and absolute Empire, over the
Hearts of both Sexes. 'Twas odd (you think)
therefore

The Argument.

therefore, that Dysmora should misapply her Charms to any Man besides her own Philidor. But such Influence (it seems) their Stars had on them at their Birth; that Libidander and she, took Fire from one another at a Game of Cards, which unhappily lighted them to one more Pleasant.

Libidander, by birth, was a Batavian: But for his Person, Inclination and acquir'd Parts, by Travel and Conversation, one of the greatest Ornaments of his Country: And this was the Gentleman who had the miserable Happiness of obliging himself and Dysmora; and at the same time to disturb the second Fountain of Honour, by mixing a foreign Stream with it. 'Tis unnatural to imagine that the Duke should not be sensible of this new and unmerited Fate, as well as of his Ladys Pleasure; since their Letters Intercepted, give him too great an Assurance of 'em. These Letters are like to be your Entertainment here. I am perswaded they are obliging to the Amorists; and I desire they may be so to you, the Bookseller and my self. However, it might have been wish'd, that those Flames which occasioned, might have burn'd

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burn'd 'em too, e're they had been expos'd to a greater and more distinguishing Light: But those were too Immaterial and Sublime, to feed on the unthinking Sheets; which some times, Innocent, and White as they may be, are foully mark'd and tainted with our gross and filthy Mistakes.

Between some of these Sheets, lay wrapp'd up the Hearts of these Faithful, Infidel Lovers; which the Duke had almost the Misfortune to see; and, had not Libidander leap'd from a Window that look'd into the Adjoyning Fields, and so cross'd the River, being carry'd and preserv'd by one, to return to the Embraces of another Nymph; he had (perhaps) receiv'd a Brace of Bullets for that of his Bombs; and so wou'd have been prevented, giving the Lady and us the Treat You must expect in his following Epistles.

The first Mercury between these demi-Deities, happen'd to be as Sleepy as Argus; or (at least) suffered some, if not all, of his first Pacquet to be seiz'd on by Philidor, in the Reign of King Britomar: Those were (possibly) his Invitation to his Feast; and her Commendation of it. To which, after her Re-
treat

The Argument.

treat to Loursople, and his to Henric-Staff, succeeded a Legend of others, during their Abode in those different and distant Places. And the last Epistle was occasionally written since their Return; upon their renewing the old Intrigue in Piceland: Which has engag'd the Duke Philidor, to be as just to himself, as his Kindness to his Lady will permit him. The following Letters, any Gentlemen or Lady may serve themselves with, according to the Necessities that present: But let 'em take care it be not in Publick.

Libidander

Libidander to Dysmora.

WHen first I read those dear, but cruel
 Lines, all fragrant with the fresh im-
 pression of thy Hand, I thought no less than Mur-
 ders, Rapes, and Villanies unheard off, could so
 extort and raise thy fatal Indignation; each Word
 rais'd Terror in my guilty Soul, and every Line
 seem'd to have born the dreadful Visage of my
 Executioner; at length my recollected Senses
 made me look, and mark, examine, call, and
 ask, where is this bold Usurper, Villain, Ravisher?
 what impious Intruder can this be, that dares
 presume to assault the well-known guarded
 Breast of my Almighty Dutches? These cruel
Dysmora, were my Thoughts, my sad Expostu-
 lations; till running with my eager Eye along,
 I soon perceiv'd, too soon alas! I found unhappy
Libidander was the Man whom you had thus
 mark'd out with Signs of blackest Infamy: Ah!
 cruel Tyrant Love, through what ambiguous
 Paths dost thou conduct me? What strange and
 different Methods dost thou take to oppress a
 B Heart

Heart that ne'r rebel'd against thee? Cruel *Dysmora*, is this then the reward of my vow'd zealous Passion? Are then my Sorrows (greater then ever yet despairing Lover ever felt) so easily became thy Sport? That thou thus cruelly canst seek to add to the heavy weight my groaning Heart lyes under; and instead of Cordials to my fainting Spirits, thou pourest Poyson into my akeing Wounds, and canst endure to brand the truest most sincere and loving Heart with (oh! I Rave to think it) Ingratitude, the worst of Crimes: But am I cruel fair One, ungrateful when I love? And is that then become a Crime in me which (all that have been happy to have seen thee) account a pious Zeal: No mighty Nymph, if 'twere a Crime to love thee, think but what an innumerable Company of pious gazing Slaves, each look of thine would every Moment confound and cast into the utter Regions of Perdition; and 'twere a Crime indeed to think those lovely Eyes, and Heavenly looks, which surely are the Fountains of all Life, and change their wonted Natures, and effect a power of killing all their humble Votaries, and that come with pious Zeal to kneel before them.

What though, when I parted from you last, I resolved to obey your impossible commands, yet knew, Oh charming *Dysmora*! that after a Thousand Conflicts between Love and Honour, I found the God (too mighty for the Idol) reign
absolute

absolute Monarch in my Soul, and soon banish that Tyrant thence, that cruel Councillor that would suggest to you a Thousand fond Arguments to hinder my noble pursuit. Start not (too nice and lovely Creature) at Shadows of things that can but frighten Fools. Put me not off with these delays, rather say, you but dissembled Love all this while, than now 'tis born to let it dye again with a poor fright of Nonsense. A Fit of Honour! A Fantome imaginary and no more; no, no, represent me to your Soul more favourably, think you see me languishing at your Feet, breathing out my last in Sighs and kind reproaches, on the pitiless *Dysmoræa*.

Kind Heaven allows the meanest Wretch on Earth to come and bring his mite of Incense with him, let also thy Divinity vouchsafe to accept the adorations of thy Slaves, and if from any offerings they bring, there's any dare presume to a reward; vouchsafe this then to Plead, who brings with him a heart sincerely true, and if by Man thy Love may be deserv'd, will prove it self not most unworthy thy Protection. To give you then that satisfaction which you desire, being the only person who is most dear to me, I do Swear by your most sweet perfections, which Oath I will never infringe, that unless you will be pleased to pity my Extremities, upon a true relation of my

Misery, I will as I have hitherto Lived, so speedily Die

Your Martyr, and Own

Libidander.

Dysmora to Libidander.

WHAT Language or Expression can you expect from a miserable Wretch, just ready to be drench'd in a Sea of Despair? Must my other Misfortune serve as an Index to discover to you the poorness of my Soul, in that I could not better dispute my Liberty? But, O Jesus! had I guessed at your ensuing hate, certainly I should have left my Body a Prey to those Vultures, rather than thus endure your torturing displeasure. Oh! why will you make me own, with what regret I made you promise to prefer my Honour before your Love. I confess with Blushes, which you might then see kindled in my Face, that I was not at all pleased with the Vows you made me, to endeavour to obey me, and I then even wish'd you wou'd obstinately have deny'd Obedience to my just Commands, have pursu'd your criminal Flame,
and

and have left me raving on my undoing: For when you were gone, and I had leasure to look into my heart, alas! I found whether you oblig'd or not, whether Love or Honour were prefer'd, I, unhappy I, was either way inevitably lost.

What shall I do, O thou Universal Conqueror? whether shall I retire to hide me from the danger of thy all-powerful Love? Oh! thou subtle, invincible deceiver of our Sex. By what strange Magick is it thou thus dost draw, even the most wary, nice, resisting Hearts with, within the plainly dangerous Circle of thy alluring Tongue. Oh! Virtue, Conscience, Duty, now defend me; come now exert your utmost power and force, for less than your united strength will ne're repel those vigorous Attacks that are made against me: No, no, alas, my feeble, Panting-Heart, proves me already more than half o'recome, and tho' some sparks of great courage yet remain, which vainly would support and prompt my fainting Spirits; yet Fate, and the adorable Charms, which never sure knew pity or repulse, come thronging into my forsaken Breast, rifling each corner with a covetous Pride, and lead my now defenceless Heart in Triumph. Yes, yes, Great Conqueror, I see thy Power, and now can wonder at my own Resistance; now I can see thy dear commanding Charms, thy winning Graces,

now I can Hear, and with Emphatick Skill, distinguish each Accent of thy Sweet Harmonious Voice; now I can stand and with amazing Silence hearken to the perswasive Rhetorick of thy Tongue, each look, each word and action, administer a new supply of fresh matter to my Love and Admiration; now I can smile at, and pity those poor hearts, who, with all heat and eagerness, pursue and toyl for the dull fading toys and pleasures of Riches, popular Applause and Glory. In short, I find I must either Die, or be *Libidanders*

Dysmora.

*Libidander to Dysmora,
For the Assignment at Ballet, &c.*

HOW enchanting is your Letter, my Everlasting Charmer, I have been just now solemnizing the Reading of it with a Thousand Sighs: And the Answer, which my own Honour commands me to make, would be to make none at all. If I let you see in my Letter the weakness of my Wit, you will at least discover the Strength of my Heart's Sentiments: And if you have the Advantage over me to write a Thousand Times better than I, I shall have at least

least that of loving a Thousand Times better than you, which you dare not bring in Contestation with me. But to give a regular and methodical Reply to your Letter, you are too rational to believe me to be too much engag'd. If I am really so, it's rather for your Interest than my own; and if I would have you run the same Perils with me, it is to let you taste the same Pleasures. There is so great a difference betwixt the Love I write, and that which I feel, that if you measure the one by the other, I have undone my self. Oh how happy were I, if you could but judge of my Passion by the Violence of your own. This Morning, after I had dismissed my Valet, I took a turn in the Garden, commanding my Footman to retire, who only attended me, I threw my self down on that Bank of green where we last disputed the dear & most charming Business of our Souls: Where our prints (that invited me) still remain on the prest Greens: There with Ten Thousand Sighs, with remembrance of the tender Minutes we past then, I drew your last Letter from my Bosom, and often kist, and often read it over.

I confess I make use of no other Terms, than the same you do to give me *Testimony* and assurance of your Love; for, where is it possible for me to find expressions more sweet than those which come from your Heart? if I repeat them, I do it to assure you, that I do not desire only
to

to have you in my Memory eternally, but also to have full possession of you while my Life lasts, in the Place where you wish and most desire; I sacrifice my self to you with the same Zeal you declare your self towards me; I love and adore you with all my Soul; the transports of my Passion are at least equal with those of yours; nor let it trouble you at all that you have divulg'd your Love to me, contrary to the Opinion the World have of Honour, and your Religion—— On the other side, as it is great perfection to Love, so we have this advantage and consolation, that we have brought our Love to the highest Pitch of Perfection. I conjure you to believe my Passion is equal with yours, and that I (by the same Measures with you) place all my Religion and good Fortune in loving you to the utmost; Maugre all Hazards or ill Opinions of the World. You afflict me when you tell me you would not have me write to you unless I did it unconstrain'd. Tell me (I beseech you) is it possible for me ever to deny my self so much, or put that restraint upon my self as not to write to you, and give you an account of my self, and assure you that I adore you as the most perfect and accomplisht Person of all Humane Race.

I have obey'd my *Dysmoræ's* dear Commands, and the dictates of my own impatient Soul, as soon as I receiv'd 'em, I immediately went to
meet

meet the Company at *Basset*; tho' I knew I shou'd not see my Adorable *Dysmora* till Seven or Eight at Night; but oh! 'tis wondrous Pleasure to be so much more near my Eternal Joy, the tedious approaching Night that must shelter me in its kind Shades, and conduct me to a Pleasure I aim'd, but with imagining 'tis now my lovely Charmer, Three a Clock; and oh how many tedious Hours I am to languish here before the Blessed One arrive; I know you love my *Dysmora*, and therefore must guess at some part of my Torments, which yet is mixt with a certain trembling Joy not to be imagin'd by any but *Dysmora*, who surely loves *Libidander*, if there be truth in Beauty, faith in Youth, She surely loves him much; and much more above her Sex she's capable of Love, by how much more Soul's form'd of a softer and more delicate Composition, by how much more her Wits refin'd and elevated above her duller Sex, and by how much more she is oblig'd; if Passion can claim Passion in return, sure no Beauty was ever so much indebted to a Slave, as *Dysmora* to *Libidander*, none ever lov'd like me! Judge then my Pains of Love, my Joys, my Fears, my Impatience, and Desires; and call me to your Sacred Presence with all the speed of Love; and as soon as 'tis duskish, imagine me in my *Dysmora's* Arms.

C

Send

Send my Angel something from you to make the Hours less tedious, consider me, Love me, and be as impatient as I ; that you may the sooner find at your Feet your Everlasting Lover,

Libidander.

Dysmora to Libidander.

What shall I say or do, thou Morning excellence ? How shall I immoderate my growing Extasies, my Fear unspeakable till thy Arrival. Approach, approach you Sacred Queen of Night, and bring *Libidander* veil'd from all Eyes but mine ! Approach at a fond Lovers Call, behold how I lie panting with expectation, tir'd out with your tedious Ceremony to the God of day ; Be kind O lovely Night, and let the Deity descend to his beloved *Thoris's* Arms, and I to my *Libidanders*, the Sun and I must snatch our joys in the same happy Hours ! Favour'd by thee, oh sacred silent Night ! See, see the inamour'd Sun is hastning on apace to his expecting Mistress, while thou dull Night art slowly lingring yet. Advance my Friend ! my Goddess ! and my Confident !
hide

hide all my Blushes, all my soft Confusions,
my Tremblings, Transports, and Eyes all Lan-
guishing.

Oh *Libidander*, a Thousand Things I've done
to direct the tedious Hours, but nothing can!
All things are dull without thee, I'm tir'd with
every thing, impatient to end, as soon as I
begin 'em, even the shades and solitary Walks
afford me now no ease, no satisfaction and
thought, but afflicts me more, that us'd to re-
lieve. And I at last have recourse to my kind
Pen; for while I write, methinks I'm talking to
thee, I tell thee thus my Soul, while thou me-
thinks, art all the while smiling and listening
by; this is much easier then silent Thought,
and my Soul is never weary of this Converse;
and thus I would speak a Thousand things,
but that still, methinks, Words do not enough
express my Soul, to understand that right,
there requires Looks; there is a Rhetorick in
Looks, in Sighs, and Silent touches, that sur-
passes all; there is an Accent in the Sound of
Words too, that gives a sense and soft Meaning
to little things, which of themselves are of tri-
vial value and insignificant, and by the cadence
of the Utterance, may express a tenderness
which their own Meaning does not bear; by
this I wou'd Insinuate, that the Story of the
Heart cannot be so well told by this way, as
by Presence and Conversation; sure *Libidander*

understands what I mean by this? which possibly is nonsense to all but a Lover, who apprehends all the little fond prattle of the thing Belov'd, and finds an Eloquence in it, that to a Sense unconcern'd, would appear even approaching to Folly: But *Libidander*, who has the true notions of Love in him, apprehends all that can be said on that dear Subject; to him I venture to say any thing, whose kind and soft imaginations can supply all my wants in the description of the Soul: Will it not *Libidander*? Answer me; — But oh! where art thou? I see thee not, I touch thee not; but when I hast with transport to imbrace thee, 'tis shadow all, and my poor Arms return empty to my Bosom; why, oh! why com'st thou not? why art thou cautious, and prudently wait'st the slow pac'd Night? Oh Cold! oh reasonable Lover! why? — But I grow wild, and know not what I say: Impatient Love betrays me to a thousand Follies, a thousand Rashnesses: I Die with Shame, but I must be undone, and 'tis no matter how, whether by my own weakness, or by *Libidanders* Charms, or both, I know not, but so 'tis destin'd. — Oh *Libidander*, 'tis too too tedious hours Love has counted since you Writ to me, ye are but a quarter of a Mile distant; what have you been doing all that live long while? are you not unkind? does not *Dysmord* lie neglected and unregarded in your thoughts, huddl'd

huddl'd up with your more weighty affairs of *Basset*, and almost lost in the wagering croud? Say, my lovely Charmer, is she not? does not this fatal Game Rival your *Dysmora*? is she not too often removed thence to let in that foolish Mistress? Alas *Libidander*, I more than fear she is.

I must own, my Charming *Libidander*, that my Love is now Arriv'd to that Success, that every thought which before did but Discompose me, now puts me into a violence of Rage unbecoming my Sex, or any thing but the mighty occasion of it, Love, and which only had power to Calm what it had before ruffled into a destructive Storm; but like the anger'd Sea, which pants and heaves, and retains still an uneasie Motion long after the rude Winds are appeas'd and hush'd to Silence.

My Heart beats still, and heaves with the sensible remains of the late dangerous Tempest of my Mind, and nothing can absolutely Calm me, but the approach of the All powerful *Libidander*, though that thought possesses me with Ten Thousand fears, which I know will vanish all at thy appearance, and assume no more their dreadful Shapes, 'till thou art gone again: Bring me my *Libidander*, and set me above the thoughts of Cares, Frights, or any other thoughts but those of tender Love: Hast then thou Charming Object of my Eternal

Wishes, of my new desires; hast to my Arms, my Eyes, my Soul, — But, oh! be wondrous careful there, do not betray the easie *Dysmora*, that Trusts thee amidst all her Sacred Store.

'Tis almost dark, and my Lord is retir'd to his Chamber, and has left all that apartment next the Garden wholly without Spies. I have by this trusty Confident sent you a *Key* we got made to the Door, which leads from the Garden to the Back-Stairs to my Apartment; That Way I beg you to come; Oh I faint with the Dear Thoughts of thy Approach; haste then *Libidander*: But what need I bid thee, Love will lend thee his Wings, thou who commandest all his Artillery, put 'em on, and fly to thy Languishing

Dysmora.

IT is good to fear the worst, therefore, that we may prevent all things that would hinder this Nights Affignation, or give it the least Disturbance, I have planted Spies in every Corner to serve the Coast; and a Servant ready at the Door to be your Conductor. I'll say no more, nor instruct, you shall preserve your self, and your

Dysmora.

*Dysmora, to her Libidander at the
Hague, after her Retirement into
France.*

After so long a Series of Misfortunes, which with malicious haste have crowded on me my cruel Fate, I hop'd, even for its own convenience would have stop'd, and for variety have turn'd it self to some less weary Object : Oh ! the Eternal Powers, that boast with equal Scales to poise the World, is the loss, by three Months absence, of the only delight of my Soul, so trifling insignificant a punishment for the frail Errours of Humane Life, that in your zealous fury, you still continue it.

Oh my Inconsiderate, Improvident, and most unfortunate Love ? And those Treacherous Hopes that have betray'd both thee and me ! The Passion that I design'd for the blessing of my Life, is become the torment of it : A Torment, answerable to the prodigious Cruelty of your most deplorable absence. Bless me ! But must this absence last for ever ? An Absence so Hellish, that sorrow it self wants words to express it ? Am I then never to see those Eyes again ? Those Eyes, that have so often exchange'd Love with mine, to
the

the charming of my very Soul with Extacy and Delight? Those Eyes that were ten thousand Worlds to me, and all that I desir'd; the only comfortable light of mine, which since your Departure, have serv'd me only to weep withal, and to lament the sad Approach of my Inevitable Fate. And yet in this Extremity I cannot methinks but have some tenderness, even for the greatest Misfortunes that this World can produce, so they are on your account.

My Life was vow'd to you the first time I saw you, and if you will not accept of it as a Present, I am content to make it a Sacrifice. A thousand times a day I send my Sighs to hunt you out. And what return for all my Passionate Disquiets, but the good Counsel of my cross Fortune? What whispers me at every turn; Ah wretched *Dysmora*! Why, dost thou flatter, and consume thy self in the vain pursuit of a Creature, I fear, never to be recovered? He's gone; irrevocably gone, he's past the Seas to fly thee, but let me not be so uncharitable, more rather thy Lord and Master. He's now in *Holland* dissolv'd in Pleasures; and, I fear, does no more think of thee, or of what thou suffer'st for his sake, then if he had never known any such Woman: But hold! Y'ave more of Honour in you then to do so ill a thing; and so have I, then to believe it, especially of a Person that I'm so much concern'd

cern'd to justifie. *Forget me ?* 'Tis impossible. My Case is bad enough at best, without the Aggravation of vain Suppositions. No, no : The Care and Pains you took to make me think you lov'd me, and then the Joys and Pleasures that I receiv'd in your Embraces, must never be forgotten : And should I love you less this Moment, than when I lov'd you most, (in Confidence that you lov'd me so too) I were ungrateful. 'Tis unnatural, and a strange thing, methinks, that the remembrance of those blessed hours should be now so terrible to me ; and that those Delights that were so ravishing in the Enjoyment, should become so bitter in the Reflection. Your last Letter gave me such a passion of the Heart, as if it would have forc'd its way through my Breast, and follow'd you. It laid me three hours senseless : I wish it had been *Dead* ; for I had then *Dy'd* of Love. But I reviv'd : And to what end ? Only to die again, and lose that Life for you, which a person in the World did not think worth the saving. Beside that, there's no rest for me while you're away, any where but in the Grave. This Fit was follow'd with other ill Accidents, which I shall never be without till I see you : In the mean while, I bear them ; and without repining too, because they came from you.

Let me intreat you not to stuff your Letters with things unprofitable, and Impertinent to our affair : And you may save your self the trouble too of desiring me to *Think* of you. Why ? 'tis impossible for me to forget you : And I must not forget the hope you gave me, neither of your return, and of spending some part of your time here with us in——
 Alas ! And why not your whole Life rather ? If I could but find any way to deliver my self from my unlucky Confinement, I should hardly stand gaping here for the performance of your promise ; But in defiance of all opposition, put my self upon the March, search you out, follow you, and love you throughout the whole World. It is not that I please my self with this project, as a thing feasible ; or that I would so much as entertain any hope of Comfort, (though in the very Delusion I might find pleasure) but as it is my lot to be miserable, I will be only sensible of that which is my Doom. And yet after all this, I cannot deny, but upon this Opportunity of Writing to you, which my Confident has given me, I was surpris'd with some faint Glimmerings of Delight, that yielded me a temporary Respite to the Horrour of my Despair. Tell me, I conjure you, what was it that made you so Sollicitous to entangle me, when you knew the grand Risque you ran, as to the Affair of
 my

my Lord, and that he would force you to leave me, even with the danger of your Life.

But I must ask your Pardon; for I lay nothing to your Charge: I am not in a condition to meditate a Revenge; and I can only complain of the Rigour of my Perverse Fortune. When she has parted our Bodies, she has done her worst, and left us nothing more to fear: Our Hearts are inseparable; for those whom Love has United, are never to be divided. As you tender my Soul, let me hear often from you. I have a Right methinks to the Knowledge both of your Heart, and of your Fortune; and to your Care to inform me of it too. But *whatever you do, besure to come; and above all things in the World, to let me see you, Adieu.* And yet I cannot quit this Paper yet. Oh, that I could but convey myself in the place on't! Mad Fool that I am, and to talk at this rate of a thing that I myself know to be Impossible. Do but Love me forever, and then there remains nothing to make me the Glorious and eternally Happy,

Dysmora.

Libidand

Libidander to Dysmora.

IF you had seen the Melancholly into which the first Part of your last Letter put me, you would, questionless, have repented, you had ever writ it. You do me Injury, in accusing me of having dealt Unkindly by you, and of having quite forgotten you; I cannot believe you have really such Thoughts of me; or if it be so, 'tis because you have not yet receiv'd my Letter, which when you have, I perswade my self, you will be quite of another mind; for I confess, you express the Passion you have for me in Terms so sweet and endearing, that I should be the most insensate thing in the World, not to be touched to the Quick; the Testimonies you gave me of your Love, the first time I had the Honour to be acquainted with you, were Marks too plain and certain for me, not to be fully convinced of it: It may be needless for me to repeat them by Resentments so expressive of your Tenderness, that will but Afflict a poor miserable Lover, who thinks of nothing but you, who neither breaths nor sees (one Moment of his Life) but for you. You are the most sweet, delightful Idea of his Imagination, which continually flatters and pleases my Soul
and

and Senses. I sleep neither Night nor Day ; or if it happen, that Sleep close my eyes but for one Moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by representing you to my Imagination in some pleasant Dreams : Ah ! I would to *God* that those happy Amorous Dreams, had either never come into my Fancy, or, that they would continue always with me when awake. But what (Unfortunate that I am) do I ! Ah ! I betray my Passion. I reprove my self, I am pleas'd with my Sufferings, I find it pleasant to suffer for the most *Lovely Object*, the most charming person in the World. These are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and you have always appear'd such to me from the first Moment I had the Happiness to see you, and to conceive a *Passion* so violent for you, that I have ever since happily Languished in your Chains : Judge you then, if your Love has wanted a *Prophetick* foreknowledge of me ; no, no, you are not betray'd, your hopes are founded upon a person, who will not be wanting to you to the very last Moment of his Life ; I know your passion is extream, and that my absence must be severe to you ; but I cannot cause more torment to you, than your absence causes Grief and Unhappiness to me ; and I hope my Return will not give you more satisfaction, than your presence will give me

Joy

Joy and Pleasure. Take Courage, *Madam*, and mitigate your Grief, and let it not be too ingenious in tormenting you, for a person who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope, I shall see again the charming brightness of those Eyes Heavenly, which makes up all my pleasures, and the whole Felicity of my Life; let those bright Eyes *Reanimate*, and resume their natural Lustre, and cease to obscure themselves with Tears; be assured, they shall see that person again you have so earnestly wisht for. If my remoteness be grievous to you, yours must be much more to me, since it has made me die a thousand times a day for you. The present of so fair a Life as yours, is well worth the receiving, and sufficient to make me extream happy; but, I beseech you, speak not of sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit so Noble a Sacrifice, unless it be the quality of being a Lover perfectly and entirely yours; and by vertue of that sweet Title, I presume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice of mine to you. I know well enough you continually send your Sighs towards me, and I send mine to you every moment; yours make me sensible of your uneasiness, and mine declare my Love, which shall last eternally; and should make you hope, that the day will come, which will give an end to your sorrow. Forbear then (I beseech you) to torment
your

your self any longer ; and be assured, That the most Delicious pleasures of the *Hague*, are no other than severe punishments to me, when I consider my unhappiness by being thus distant from you : I keep your Letter with more care and dearness than my Life ; I kiss it a thousand times a day ; and I would, Madam, to God you could as well embrace yours. I hope (one day) it will be ; and that that Destiny will unite us, which has thus separated us, that you may have a happy deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my sake, who am absolutely Yours

Libidander.

*Libidander to Dymora, after his
first Visit, soon after his Return
into Piceland.*

THE Gods, my Charming *Dymora*, have at last been kind, and by this happy juncture seem to own the justice of my Love, and my Pretensions; now my kind Stars have given a blest occasion to vindicate my long neglected Vows. 'Tis true, long Absence, and devouring Time, by this, might well have been suppos'd to have worn the faint Ideas of indifferent Charms; 'tis also true, that *Libidander's* Heart; which the Fatigues of Travel, and other business still has prest, has long a stranger been to those soft pleasures, which serve to alleviate the toils of men of Business; but what can the Charming *Dymora* thence infer? But that the Almighty power of her sublimer Beauties scorn'd to be eyed to the common rules of time or place; and that, tho' absent, like the Sun in the Clouds, her influence still does operate on all, as present in its bright Meridian Glory: Yes, most adorable Creature, 'tis true, that time nor absence has had power to cure the fatal wound your pointed lightning gave; my too too tender heart do's still retain the impression, which your early Beauties made; my aspiring hopes did still pursue the wand'ring steps of their beloved Object; those Charms which once my greedy Eyes suck'd in, and run with speed to inform my amaz'd heart; those dazzling Charms, I say, do still employ my anxious thoughts, my covetous desires; nor did your absence otherwise allay or stop the rage of my devouring Flames, than just to allow my panting heart a breathing, which now your presence has again enflam'd; and by the addition of Diviner Beauties, as it were by Ambush, my unweary Eyes surpriz'd, and fix'd me now your everlasting Slave: Yes, Mighty Nymph, I do not blush to own I am
again

again more than totally subdu'd : Your never erring Shafte
 have found an easie passage to my yielding Soul; and now
 the pleasing Poyson trills through every Vein, through e-
 very Pore : In vain I strive, in vain apply to expel the
 Insulting Tyrant from my Breast ; too sure he's rooted,
 mingling with my Blood, till he at length became a part
 of me : Well, my Great Conquerour, since my Stars,
 Conspiring with your Power, have thus again subdu'd me,
 tell me the Conditions you appoint your Slave, declare the
 manner how you will be Worshipped. Ah ! Speak, Com-
 mand, for my officious zeal waits with impatience now to
 be imploy'd : Say, lovely *Dysmora*, Canst thou vouchsafe
 again to re-admit poor *Libidander*, in the Croud of thy
 Admiring Slaves ? Canst thou suspect his Loyalty or Zeal ?
 Ah ! No, my Lovely Charmer can ne'er mistrust what ma-
 ny years experience has confirm'd ; too oft she has prov'd
 the strength of my enclining Heart, Conquer'd, Disarm'd,
 and left at Pleasure breathless : Such, *Dysmora*, is thy power,
 such is thy Victorious Beauty. Come let me then fly a-
 gain to out-spread Arms, let me embrace thy tender snowy
 Limbs : Oh ! Let me suck that Balmy, Cordial Breath, kiss,
 kiss, thy roling dying Eyes, and ravish all thy Beauties.
 Ah ! Lovely Queen, what remains to make thee again Glo-
 rious and Happy, but

Libidander.